

The Compulsion

*To shatter the moment with a word, somehow
to say what is true and yet to have said it
false false, wrong, like anything done*

*irreparable. And yet not every moment
can sustain its pause, the pulse gets in,
compels a cry, perhaps so soft only*

*the one who leans against the heart hears
and hearing, turns looks sees, knows
too much
and in that moment, so given, also dies.*

February

*It is sunlight and
snow falling fast and
thick. So much happens*

*every moment
who can stop for it --
or go on -- who must.*

-- Cid Corman

Kyoto, Japan